

PLAIN TALK

A World of Freemen—America's Best Defense

"CRUELTY HAS A HUMAN HEART"

William Blake

Edgar Allan Poe could not have invented and Guy de Maupassant could not have bettered the plot of the true episode (on page 31) of Nora, "satan in dog's hide," the cruel police canine in the service of a Soviet Arctic slave labor camp. You will never forget this Dantesque story.

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—August, 1947—

PLAIN TALK

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A Word to You

JAN CIECHANOWSKI was Poland's wartime ambassador in Washington . . . in his provocative *Yalta Boomerang* he adds a postscript to his story of the diplomatic betrayal of Poland by her allies, *Defeat in Victory*, the recent best-seller . . . started his career as secretary to Prime Minister Paderewski in 1918 . . . attended the Paris Peace Conference the following year . . . now a permanent resident of the United States, Mr. Ciechanowski remains one of the keenest students of the international scene.

THE HEAD of the only state body on un-American activities, the California Fact-Finding Committee, JACK B. TENNEY (*Gerald Smith & Co.*) is rapidly becoming a national figure . . . a member of the American Federation of Musicians since 1919, composer of many popular songs, past president of Los Angeles Musicians Local 47, Mr. Tenney is a practicing attorney . . . born in St. Louis in 1898, a veteran of World War I, he went to the California Senate as a nominee of both the Democratic and Republican parties, piling up an all-time record of 833,565 votes in the November, 1946, elections . . . a true champion of freedom, Senator Tenney has vigorously exposed and opposed all forms of totalitarianism, whether red, brown, black or silver-shirted.

GUY HICKOK knows UNRRA from the inside . . . was Director of its Balkan Central Clearing Office from October, 1945, to April, 1946 . . . later directed UNRRA public relations in Italy and Poland, until January, 1947 . . . his *How Tito Killed UNRRA* is one of the first really authoritative accounts of America's great postwar adventure in international philanthropy . . . a trained observer, an experienced reporter and foreign correspondent, Guy Hickok had served with distinction as the head of the NBC news service.

JOHN GROEL has spent several years in Latin America . . . now teaching at the American Institute in La Paz, Bolivia, . . . has had firsthand opportunities to study American Imperialism in Reverse * * * The author of *The Intelligent Student's Guide*, who writes under the name of ANDREW LUND, graduated last spring from one of our leading colleges . . . has been active in the national student movement for years . . . educators and youth leaders will appreciate this inside account of the alignment of forces at the coming national student convention * * * Our readers who remember JULIUS EPSTEIN's disclosures on *Stalin's New German Army* in the February issue, will read his latest report with enhanced interest . . . he is an authority on Central Europe.

THE EDITORS

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HITLER'S ARCH-COLLABORATOR

(From a Washington Correspondent)

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT offered to Hitler in October, 1939, several weeks after the outbreak of the war, the use of "Base North," near Murmansk, as a naval and submarine haven for Nazi craft, according to the secret Russo-German documents seized in the German Foreign Office and now in possession of the Allies.

This hitherto suppressed fact is but one of the many revelations about the Stalin-Hitler pact found in the German archives which establish their joint responsibility for the war. These files still await publication through the Anglo-American-French Historical Commission in charge of Hitler's state papers. The members of the commission met in Berlin last month to examine the fresh trove of documents and to lay plans for their publication by 1950.

The immediate release of the most important items in the seized secret archives has been urged by certain members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee both publicly and privately. Among these items, the most damaging is believed to be the correspondence relating to the use of the Murmansk base by German submarines which were then raiding British and neutral shipping in northern waters. The accommodations which Hitler received in the Soviet Arctic ports were in exchange for special war equipment and top-secret naval blueprints which Stalin got from Berlin.

It was at the time of this exchange, in the heyday of the Soviet-Nazi collaboration, that a famous international incident involving an American freighter occurred. Toward the close of October, 1939, the people of the United

States were shocked by the news that the freighter, *City of Flint*, with an American crew of 41, carrying a cargo of tractors, grain, fruit, leather and wax from New York to Manchester, England, had been captured by a German vessel and taken to Murmansk.

Despite vigorous protests by Washington, the neutral Soviet Government did not release the 41 officers and men of the *City of Flint*. The Kremlin even refused American diplomatic representatives permission to visit or communicate with the ship's captain in Murmansk. Moscow allowed the Germans to take the freighter out of Murmansk with her American crew as captives. When the *City of Flint* reached Norwegian waters, the government of that little country did what the powerful Soviet Government had failed to do, and the vessel was restored to its American crew in defiance of strong protests from Berlin.

Among the other momentous disclosures which the publication of Russo-German documents will reveal are:

(1) That it was Stalin who took the initiative in seeking a mutual understanding with Hitler. This occurred in February, 1939, when Hitler was making feverish military preparations to annex Czechoslovakia, which he did the following month. The Soviet representative in Berlin approached Baron Ernst von Weizaecker, of the German Foreign Office, with the suggestion that Moscow would regard a mutual agreement as desirable.

(2) That Hitler responded to these advances early in April when he called in General von Brauchitsch, his commander-in-chief, to inform him: "Please

sit down and get a grip on yourself. My next statement will come as a surprise to you. I am getting ready to pay a state visit to Moscow." Stalin's dismissal of Foreign Commissar Litvinov, which shocked the Western world, took place on May 5.

(3) That after Hitler had told his chiefs, on May 23, that he was seeking Russian cooperation for the encirclement of Poland, he ordered his envoy in Moscow, Count von der Schulenburg, to enter into direct negotiations with Molotov with a view toward arranging for a visit by Ribbentrop to Russia.

(4) That Molotov, who was then negotiating with the Anglo-French missions in Moscow, replied that Ribbentrop's trip should be postponed until September to avoid possible embarrassments. Hitler, however, decided to send a direct appeal to Stalin, urging immediate action and referring to his scheduled Polish campaign. Stalin agreed.

(5) That Stalin put the Baltic countries and eastern Poland on the auction block as soon as Ribbentrop arrived in Moscow, where the emissaries from London and Paris were then conducting negotiations with Molotov. Since Neville Chamberlain had refused to deliver half of Poland and the Baltic countries to Soviet Russia, and the Germans knew from the inside every detail of the Allied negotiations with the Russians, Stalin plainly told Ribbentrop the price Germany would have to pay for a pact with the Kremlin. Ribbentrop consulted Hitler there and then over the long distance telephone. From Obersalzberg Hitler conveyed within a few minutes his decision to accede to Stalin's demands for the Baltic and Polish lands. The deal that shook the world was concluded behind the backs of the Anglo-French commissioners. All that remained to be done was to set it down on

paper. The die was cast for World War II.

(6) That several days after the German invasion of Poland the Soviet military attaché in Berlin, in the course of one of his routine calls on the German Supreme Command which kept him in touch with the progress of operations, made an upsetting discovery. He saw a map showing the Polish oil fields which Ribbentrop had yielded to the Russians, placed in the German zone. When the news reached the Kremlin, Stalin himself took a hand in the matter. This led to Ribbentrop's second trip to Moscow, on September 27, when he was received with a guard of honor and a Red Army band. The secret files show another long distance telephone conversation between Ribbentrop and Hitler, which resulted in the quick adjustment of all boundary disputes.

(7) That, during this visit of Ribbentrop, the collaboration between Moscow and Berlin became so intimate as to lead to the Soviet offer of the Murmansk base for the outfitting of German warcraft. Stalin, who was shipping raw materials to Germany, first asked the Nazi Government for airplanes, anti-aircraft guns, special tooling machinery, and for the designs of the battleships *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*.

(8) That Stalin could not conceal his pleasure when the German representative in these negotiations, Ritter, returned to Moscow with some of Germany's most prized weapons, after consulting Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, Goering and the army chiefs in Berlin. In the top-secret papers from the German Foreign Office archives there is a report of Stalin's remarks on the occasion:

"If we can continue to work together like this for four or five years, we will be able to provide enough raw materials to supply two Germans."

INSIDE THE WONDERFUL LAND OF OZNA

How Tito Killed UNRRA

By GUY HICKOK

The great experiment of UNRRA ended on July 1, 1947. The complete story of how \$3,000,000,000 was used and misused would take years to assemble. We are fortunate in having some inside notes by Guy Hickok, who spent 15 months in the Balkans, Italy and Poland as UNRRA Information Officer. After reading his account of Tito's grim obstructionism of information about UNRRA's help to his country, Americans will have a better understanding of why United States planes were shot down over Yugoslavia.

ON ACCOUNT OF Tito's cameraphobia, UNRRA was lost, and people all through Europe went hungrier than they need have been. My experiences with UNRRA in Yugoslavia have convinced me that an allergy to cameras—indeed, to publicity in general—on the part of Yugoslav officials was an important factor in forcing UNRRA to end twelve months earlier than was originally contemplated.

A camera is a "devil-box," a kind of evil miracle-machine, to members of the OZNA, Yugoslavia's secret police, who are to Tito what the Gestapo was to Hitler. The virtual ban on photographing UNRRA supplies until it was too late nevertheless furnished those of us working in Yugoslavia with a clear picture of the force that controls every move of every citizen in a Soviet satellite nation. We traveled through Titoland while there were still gaps in the iron curtain; now that the curtain has descended, our experiences may be useful in showing how people live in the Wonderful Land of OZNA.

When, in January and February, 1946, I led a 22-day tour of UNRRA staff members around Yugoslavia, trying to prepare the way for a party of U. S. press correspondents and photographers, OZNA was ever-present. Our group left

Belgrade accompanied by a man from the Ministry of Supply, which handled UNRRA goods. Soon we found that he reported every night by telephone to OZNA in Belgrade.

We found uniformed Partisans armed with Russian-made tommy-guns behind every hotel door and most hotel desks. Even in small villages, patrols of Partisans roamed the streets. Their approach to us was always hostile, their questioning surly.

When a car broke down, an OZNA permit was necessary to get it repaired. When it ran out of gas, OZNA had to approve the purchase of more. And time after time on the road, OZNA men would stop the party with a tree-trunk on a hinge, a "road block," and demand all the proofs of our identity and our right to be traveling on that road in that particular direction.

For every place in which we wanted to take photographs, we had to have a special permit. But the permit often failed to allay OZNA's camera fears.

One day, for example, I saw an OZNA man staring sullenly as our photographer tried to take a picture which would prove that certain American relief supplies were where they should be, and had not been spirited away to Russia or turned over to Tito's army.

The guard furrowed his brow as an idea slowly grew on him. "How do I know you haven't one of those lenses that will see right through that stone wall?" he demanded. The photographer showed him the inside of the camera to convince him that it contained no X-ray machine, no hidden atom smashers. Meanwhile, the photographer's American assistant, his curiosity aroused, got around to the other side of the wall and found nothing there but snow and a pile of stones.

Had there been a military objective behind the wall and had the camera been equipped with magic entrails, Yugoslav secrets would still have been safe, for all the pictures had to be developed and printed in the OZNA darkroom at Belgrade. Tito's security police got the first look at them as they came out of the chemical baths.

Americans could see photographs of what their \$3,000,000,000 UNRRA contribution was accomplishing in Greece, in Italy and among the displaced persons in Germany, because photographers of all nations had complete freedom in those countries. The flood of crack pictures and stories coming out of these "Fascist" countries made a ridiculous contrast with the thin dribble of stuff from Yugoslavia, Albania and Poland.

When photographers tried to get into Yugoslavia, they were delayed so long by passport red tape that they went elsewhere. UNRRA's public relations department in Washington, and I, from Rome, often cabled to Belgrade asking entry permission for photographers; the reply always came back that there was already a photographer in Belgrade and that no more were necessary or wanted. Of course there was "a" photographer in Belgrade—a good one, but a Yugoslav and not familiar with what "clicks" with American publications.

One American motion picture crew,

a U. S. Army unit, finally did get to Belgrade. The officers flew in. They were immediately loaded right back on their plane and ordered out of Yugoslavia. The crew and their truck of equipment got past the border guards, but in Belgrade they were forbidden to take any pictures. They, too, were ordered out.

It was no surprise to find UNRRA in Belgrade uncooperative, for Russia, as an UNRRA member, had insisted on Russians as UNRRA heads in that city and in Prague. Mikhail Sergeichek, the Mission Chief in Belgrade, was a Soviet citizen and an able administrator. But he considered information activities a nuisance and refused to have the publicity setup organized in other missions. When UNRRA workers protested to him about government rigidity he usually took the attitude, I was told, that the government was sovereign and therefore right. When UNRRA ships were sunk by mines which Tito had not permitted the British Navy to clear out of Yugoslav waters, and when delays were caused by strikes, Sergeichek complained publicly, "UNRRA is not keeping its promises."

I fail to see how any pictures of UNRRA supplies and activities could have found their way into Yugoslavia's controlled press to show the people that such gifts came from the "imperialist" U. S. A. and not from Tito or from Stalin. With others, I tried my best to point out to OZNA that pictures showing Americans how the supplies were being used were necessary if Yugoslavs were to get more of the food and machinery they desperately needed. It didn't work.

Tito's press did carry small isolated items such as "Eight thousand tons of UNRRA wheat arrived yesterday at Split" or "A thousand mules from UNRRA are being distributed." But the attitude of the Yugoslav dictator was far from grateful, as if boasting, "Look what I got for

you from UNRRA!" He indicated that he had had to fight to get the supplies, which would have been much less if Yugoslavia's Great Eastern Friend had not been the biggest member of UNRRA. Nevertheless, most of the people knew the true source of the supplies.

Congress was aiming at Yugoslavia when it began tacking amendments to UNRRA appropriation bills specifying that "none of this money shall be spent in countries which do not permit free reporting of UNRRA activities." This was done to three separate appropriation bills, but the State Department each time persuaded Congress to drop the amendment for a weaker substitute.

* * *

SOME TIME before my tour, Leo Fuller, a British UNRRA information officer in Belgrade, had realized that a lot of people might die of hunger and its attendant maladies unless some relief photographs got to the United States in a hurry. With the one photographer Tito would allow in the country, he tried to create a flow of picture evidence that American goods were arriving and were being properly used. He was hampered by the fact that Sergeichek allowed him no British or U. S. assistants.

Armed with every official permit, pass, authorization and certificate they could lay hands on, Fuller and the photographer jeeped over Yugoslavian roads and mountain passes for three weeks, recording on film some 700 bits of proof as to how Tito's government was using the \$430,000,000 share of UNRRA money allotted to Yugoslavia. Their official papers did not prove enough; Fuller had to undergo suspicious questioning and inspection of his equipment.

Just as he was about to turn back to Belgrade with the feeling of a tough job well done, Fuller met a new set of OZNA men who seized his camera and all the

REDS SAY SOVIET FINANCED UNRRA, BUT U. S. HALTED IT

Under this caption, *The New York Times*, in a special dispatch from Paris, reported on July 14 that in Yugoslavia they have the following ingenious explanation for the cessation of UNRRA aid:

"The Communists are telling the Yugoslavs that for two years the Soviet Union purchased in the United States the supplies for UNRRA distribution in Europe, paying constantly higher prices to United States suppliers who had the only available world stocks of necessary goods.

"The Communists added that the greed of United States capitalists was such, however, that they had raised prices to impossible levels and the Soviet Union reluctantly had been obliged to call a halt in Yugoslavia, as well as elsewhere."

negatives. He protested to his chief and to the Yugoslav Ministry of Information. He cabled to me in Rome, to UNRRA in London and in Washington; all three of us cabled back, and that was that.

The Yugoslav Government promised to get the 700 negatives right back to Fuller, but, through a curious error, they were sent to three different parts of the country before they finally arrived, two and a half months later. It was too late for the pictures to be newsworthy, for the season had changed, making it obvious that they were not recent; so late, also, that American sentiment was convinced that there was something queer about relief in Titoland.

Another resourceful publicist, who saw the need for evidence that Yugoslavs were grateful for the hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies being poured into their country, was Georges Dimitri Boria. Delayed by red tape at the border, this superb photographer was obliged to

travel alone a few days behind our tour.

Boria had a placard made reading: "We, children of Yugoslavia, thank UNRRA." He carried it to a school, and, to get the children livened up, he did a paper-cutting trick. Cutouts of a railroad train and a coach-and-four were received with glee. Then Boria slashed at his folded paper again and held up the figure of a man waving a ten-gallon hat and mounted on a bucking broncho.

"Cowboy!" shouted the little Yugoslavs. At the sound of the American word, the teacher denounced Boria as a "shrewd propagandist" and had him put out of the school.

Nothing daunted, Boria faked an UNRRA poster to photograph on school and hospital walls. When Washington cabled "Rush 250 copies Yugoslav UNRRA poster," he naturally could not comply. There never had been a real Yugoslav UNRRA poster. But Boria's one poster did lend an air of authentic gratitude to his pictures.

Boria's triumphs in Titoland were short-lived. In a hospital at Sarajevo, he stuck his poster so high on the wall that it topped the posters of Stalin and Tito. He also shut the door in the face of an OZNA man who had been trailing him. OZNA confiscated his camera and films for 12 days, then requested him to leave the country. Had Boria been with our party, some of his imaginative flights would have been curbed. Nevertheless, his pictures were almost the only favorable visual evidence of UNRRA work in Yugoslavia published in America.

* * *

UNRRA PLANNED the conducted tour around Yugoslavia of about a dozen correspondents and photographers in a last attempt to show that press coverage of its activities was, to some extent, possible in Tito's domain. Previously, the State Department had persuaded Con-

gress to withdraw the second amendment which would tie up U. S. relief funds. They argued that other nations might use such action as a precedent. As a substitute for the amendment, they had transmitted to the Yugoslav Government a message from President Truman requesting better press facilities. Tito had done nothing about it.

UNRRA in Washington knew that another appropriation was due and foresaw another amendment that would tie up funds, in addition to prolonged debate that would delay all the funds for all the hungry countries. UNRRA had no credit. It had run out of cash and had already been forced to curtail purchases of supplies for many countries because of the bad impression made in Washington by Yugoslavia.

Hence the plan for the Yugoslav press tour. I was sent from Rome and another UNRRA man from Washington to serve, with the local UNRRA staff, as advance men to scout out activities that would make good spectacles for the journalists.

We planned to swing around the country in ten days; it took 22 days. Our encounters with OZNA began early, in Belgrade's largest coffee-house. Seven men had just been hanged for speculating in currency. Yet a young English-speaking Yugoslav tried to sell us first rubles, then dollars, spreading the banknotes fanwise in full view of about 150 witnesses. He was, of course, an OZNA agent trying to get something on the visitors. But he was a trifle inept.

We attempted to cover stories as we would have done in the United States. For example, when we found a Yugoslav running a shop in which he made brass castings for bombed-out locomotives by melting down German shell cases, we tried to photograph the story. But shop superintendents were afraid to accept credit, afraid even to give us their

names. Through an interpreter they begged us not to "draw attention" to them.

In Trogir we managed to photograph some Yugoslav workmen who, with few tools, were converting old U. S. and British army trucks, brought in by UNRRA, into much-needed busses. Then we stepped outside the building to see a pile of wrecked German planes being stripped of aluminum to cover the bus bodies. There we saw something we had not known was in the country—a hundred brand-new trucks of a well-known American make, lettered UNRRA.

A Yugoslav officer firmly said, "No photographs." Our permits were only for the inside of the building, he explained; this was a naval area. Yet no ocean was visible. And what were UNRRA civilian trucks doing in such an area?

The next day we were summoned to the OZNA office and asked to turn in our permit to photograph at Trogir. The vice-president of the district, who had given us the permit, was put into jail, as was also the night clerk of our hotel.

* * *

WE LEARNED why people feel safer in Yugoslavia if they are inconspicuous. Two warehousemen who had attracted attention for their efficient handling of UNRRA supplies, were promoted to an organization called DASP, which used UNRRA army trucks to distribute supplies through the back country. For two months they tried, without success, to straighten out the confusion in DASP. Then they paid the penalty for being noticed; they were sentenced to death by shooting.

An American businessman who had lived in Split for eight months was high in his praise of the Yugoslavs as people. But as to their government, he told us: "What I don't like is the way they won't let us have any friends here. If I visit people in daylight or if they are seen

with me, they get arrested. That has happened so often that there is now only one family upon which I can call; and I never go to their home until late at night. Even then, if any person is in sight on the street, I go past the house and return to my room."

The chances of having Yugoslavia appear in a favorable light to the party of correspondents and photographers who were supposed to follow us on a conducted tour dwindled with every hour. In one town, while we warmed ourselves in a coffee-house, a local patriot brought OZNA down on us by telephoning the security police that a party of British spies had arrived. In another, the local authorities assigned an OZNA "delegate" to travel with us, in addition to the one who had accompanied us from Belgrade. We learned that, while our original OZNA man reported daily that we were bona fide, this new one reported that we were undoubtedly spies, using our UNRRA mission as a "cover."

One Yugoslav official had the courage to beg us to get him on an UNRRA ship so that he could escape the country. "I can't live here. I can't breathe," he said. More than one other whispered: "It's a prison here."

Things got no better. When our own trip was over, I cabled to Washington that no conducted tour of correspondents could result in whitewashing Tito's Yugoslavia. And we were right. When the caravan of journalists wound its way through the country a month and a half later, unpleasant incidents were so numerous and publicity so unfavorable, that the inspirers of the trip in Washington concluded, "Never again."

A few weeks later Congress and the State Department agreed that henceforth American relief should be administered only under American auspices. Strangely enough, Tito was quite annoyed.

YALTA BOOMERANG

By JAN CIECHANOWSKI

Former Polish Ambassador to the United States

FOR THE LOSS of 47.5 percent of her national territory, taken by Soviet Russia, Poland has been "compensated" with territories previously held by Germany in the west. But now, again, at the recent Moscow Conference dealing with the problem of Germany, the American and British governments suggested a new revision of Poland's territorial status, this time in the west, by taking away from Poland some of these "compensating" territories and handing them back to Germany.

The world now witnesses the curious spectacle of Poland's Allies bickering among themselves on the subject of her territory. Britain and the United States are initiating yet another partition of Poland, while Soviet Russia assumes the unusual role of "defender" of Poland, whom she succeeded in despoiling by impressing her powerful Allies at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam that "Big Power Unity" could only be bought at that price.

The present controversy between the powers on the subject of the western boundaries of Poland centers on a difference of interpretation of the Potsdam agreement.

The Western powers contend that the final delimitation of this former German territory was to await the conclusion of the peace treaty on Germany. According to this interpretation, the territory in question was only temporarily entrusted to Poland, pending the conclusion of the said treaty.

Soviet Russia and her subservient

Warsaw Government contend that the agreement on Poland's territorial compensation in the West was made final at Potsdam.

Both interpretations appear to be well founded, which makes them even more difficult of adjustment.

The American interpretation is certainly correct in principle, it being customary to regard territorial changes as final only after the signature and ratification of peace treaties.

The Soviet interpretation is logical, when one considers the specific circumstances of the case. The eastern Polish territories were taken over by the Soviets who promised this western compensation to the Soviet-sponsored Polish Government. The Polish population of eastern Poland was then transferred to these former German territories. Any reduction of the area of this western territorial compensation, already taken over by Poland, would entail yet another painful evacuation of a considerable number of Polish settlers and their retransfer.

It is doubtful, however, that this human aspect of the problem was responsible for the Soviet interpretation of the Potsdam agreement.

It is more probable that the Soviet Government insists on its interpretation, fearing that its acceptance of the principle that territorial changes become final only after the signature and ratification of duly negotiated treaties, would automatically invalidate the Soviet annexation of Estonia, Latvia,

Lithuania and the eastern part of Poland—territorial changes which it has carried out unilaterally, and is determined to regard as final.

World War II started in Poland on September 1, 1939, when Hitler wantonly attacked that country and the Polish nation unhesitatingly took up arms in defense of its independence. Throughout the war Poland's armed forces fought incessantly on all European fronts alongside the Allies. Inside Poland the most efficient of all underground resistance movements was organized, which never stopped harassing the Germans and rendered the greatest service to the common cause of the United Nations through both actual guerrilla fighting and intelligence work.

Notwithstanding these facts, Poland became the victim of opportunist negotiations and deals, allegedly necessary to ensure the unity of the Big Three powers in establishing a power-political peace settlement. She lost nearly one-half of her territory in the east to Soviet Russia, also a member of the United Nations, and an ally in the war against Hitler's aggression.

In violation of the principle of self-determination of nations, the Polish people were not consulted about this territorial cession. They were not even allowed to choose their own government—in violation of the most fundamental of all democratic principles.

When finally the so-called "free and unfettered" elections, provided in the Yalta deal and confirmed at Potsdam, were held under an imposed government of Communist stooges on January 19, 1947, the United States and British governments officially declared them to have been held under conditions of inadmissible terrorism and pressure on the Communist pattern of a one-party system, likewise contrary to the principles of

democracy. They declared that these faked elections were in direct violation of agreements signed by the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia at Yalta and Potsdam, where the holding of "free and unfettered" elections in Poland, under Allied supervision, had been agreed upon as the condition of recognition of the so-called "provisional" Polish Government. However, this declaration of censure on the part of the two great Western powers remained purely theoretical. No sanctions followed.

This fact must have encouraged Soviet Russia—barely eight weeks before the Moscow Conference—to believe that while "tough" words were spoken, no action would be taken to insist on the respect of signed agreements which Russia was determined to ignore.

The Polish people never accepted the Yalta partition. They never accepted the principle of territorial compensation. They demanded comparatively slight rectifications of Poland's western boundaries and the return to Poland of the whole of East Prussia, without which she would always remain vulnerable to German aggression. They demanded that their territorial status, established by freely negotiated treaty and non-aggression pacts concluded with the Soviets, be restored to them and that Poland's territorial integrity and independence be respected. They demanded, and, after this great victory of democracy over totalitarianism, they had the right to demand, that they should be allowed to be master in their own house and to determine their own form of government and their own way of life.

The arrangement by which one-half of Poland's territory in the east was taken from her was an illicit bargain struck by her war Allies without her participation or consent. In the light

of this arbitrary deal, it is illogical to accuse Poland of annexationist designs on Germany.

Instead of carrying out yet another partition of Poland, it would be more just and logical to insist on the revision of the arbitrary and still unratified diplomatic deals of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, which disposed of Poland's eastern territories, handing over to Soviet Russia the ancient cities of Polish culture—Wilno and Lwow—Poland's only oil fields and her richest agricultural and timber districts in East Galicia and Valhynia, together with her independence and sovereignty. It would also be more just and logical to insist on the holding of new, really free and unfettered elections in Poland, after declaring the one recently held to have been faked, in violation of signed agreements.

THE BIG THREE powers agreed at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam to compensate Poland for the loss of the arbitrarily decreed cession of nearly half of Poland's territory in the East, by handing German territories to the new truncated Poland. They acted without the participation and against the written protests of the constitutional Polish Government and without consulting the Polish nation.

Thus, the principle of so-called "compensation" was determined by the powers themselves and not by Poland. Now, this "compensation" has been placed in doubt at the Moscow Conference. It would be useless to invoke considerations of ordinary human justice, for it has become customary conveniently to lay these aside when deciding the fate of Allied Poland. However, from a purely juridical standpoint, it is contrary to the principles of legality to reverse any single detail of a verdict

without appealing the entire case. If a party has been granted compensation, it is neither legal nor customary to urge it to return part of such compensation of its own volition, as an act of generosity, without conducting a retrial of the case in point.

The Big Three powers arbitrarily assumed the role of a court without appeal. Therefore it is they, and they alone, who would have first to nullify their own previous verdict, before proceeding to a retrial of the case.

And it is to the Kremlin, and not to its sub-office in Warsaw, that the suggestion for reopening the case and revising the problem in all its aspects, should be rightly and boldly addressed. It would have to start by demanding the revision of the Yalta partition of Poland, and not merely the return of a part of the German territories, pressed upon her as "compensation".

To appeal to Soviet-dominated Warsaw in this matter is equivalent to knocking at the wrong door. Coming from the Western powers, who participated in the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam agreements, it merely adds yet another convenient argument to Soviet propaganda, now intent on turning Polish public opinion against the United States and Britain.

Recent experience proves that, so long as an expansionist power is allowed to violate principles and signed treaties, and to strengthen its hold on satellite countries, a policy consisting only of the establishment of weak entrenchments against such expansionism in one or two countries, for instance in Greece and Turkey, cannot suffice to roll back the advancing tide of imperialism.

Such a policy failed when applied to Hitler. It led to Munich. And Munich opened the floodgates of total war . . .

THE INTELLIGENT STUDENT'S GUIDE

To the Coming Convention at Madison, Wis.

By ANDREW LUND

THE STUDENTS of America, for the first time since the days of the American Student Union and American Youth Congresses, are getting together in one national organization—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Communists, liberals, conservatives, isolationists, internationalists, pacifists—and just plain students.

Those who are at all familiar with student politics are not surprised at the complicated picture which the students will face at the constitutional convention of the National Student Organization (NSO), meeting at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, August 30-September 8. Lines have been drawn, crossed and crisscrossed, and factions and caucuses are likely to be as numerous as the flies on the hot summer days when they meet one thousand strong to adopt a constitution and a program. Those who go into the conference with no knowledge of the special interests and actions involved can expect to be little more than dupes.

The postwar student movement began with a convention of the International Union of Students (IUS) held in Prague in August, 1946, which was the offspring of the Soviet-inspired World Federation of Democratic Youth, launched in London in November, 1945. At Prague the United States was represented by students from ten colleges and ten national student organizations, who were impressed by what they learned of national student organizations abroad. On their return, they decided to form a U.S. student union

which would encompass all the campuses of the nation. The job seemed like little more than a mechanical one, to be powered by a minimum of enthusiasm. We already had a host of partisan and non-partisan, clerical and secular, single-plank and multi-plank national student organizations. What was desired and planned was an association in which all students as individuals, as well as the student organizations, could combine to study and take action on student issues.

A conference to consider the proposal brought together 727 representatives from 303 colleges and 28 organizations in Chicago, December 28-30, 1946. After discussion in panels and plenary sessions on problems of structure and program, a National Continuities Committee was instructed to prepare a constitution and program which will be presented to the coming convention in Madison. Several delegates who had attended the Prague conference reported that, in harmony with its origin, Communists formed the majority of the IUS executive committee. Nevertheless, they thought the idea and purposes of a world student movement so urgent that a solution to the problem of working with the IUS could be found. One of the chief issues facing the Madison convention is whether to affiliate with the IUS—and, if so, on what terms.

A few months prior to the Chicago convention there were strenuous efforts by Communist and fellow-traveler groups to gain control of the U. S.

organization. Lee Marsh, Intercollegiate Director of the Communist-front American Youth for Democracy (AYD) was reported by many sources to be touring the nation's campuses, trying to insure election of AYD members as delegates to the December meeting. About a month later rumors were circulated to the effect that the Catholic student organizations were also attempting to control the new body. But the latter report was given little credence, mainly because the Catholic student groups had never before participated in any movement of this nature, and also because some suspected the AYD of floating the rumor to draw attention away from their own preparations.

As the events of the conference bore out, those two groups did exist. Though they were not as highly organized as some reports have claimed, and though they did not act consistently as blocs, there is evidence that they have considerably strengthened their organization in the interim. John Curtis Farrar reported in *The Nation* (January 13, 1947) that "At the Chicago meeting both the Catholics and the American Youth for Democracy were out to build up their own powers . . . The elections were decided in private all-night caucuses . . . to keep the AYD from electing its candidates to important offices." Farrar was, for a time, almost *persona non grata* because of the forthright and perhaps a bit exaggerated report.

Important to the whole picture has been the emergence of a third group—non-Communist liberal students, affiliated with no particular organization and fearful of politics along sectarian lines. Though this group was not at all organized in Chicago, its mere existence served to put the others on their guard and prevented both the Catholics and the left-wingers from taking any

extreme positions. The liberal group has since become aware of its own importance and has been girding its loins for the coming convention.

* * *

THE COMMUNIST and fellow-traveler bloc represented no more than ten percent of the Chicago convention. Marvin Shaw, who represented the Council of Student Clubs of the Communist Party, wrote in *Political Affairs*, the party's highbrow monthly: "Perhaps another ten percent (of the convention) had had any previous contact with the organized progressive movement . . . Although progressive students and their organizations make up a relatively small section of the campus population, they have already contributed much to the success of the new organization . . . They have no ulterior motives."

And, so that there will be no doubt to whom he is referring, Comrade Shaw goes on to say: "It is, in fact, the consistent activity and building of the major progressive student organization, American Youth for Democracy, that will bring the campus to new levels of participation in solving the problems they face."

The left-wing group was poorly organized at the December convention. As Mr. Shaw wrote: "The small group of the left . . . organized no bloc, held no previous meetings . . . If there is any criticism that can be leveled against them, it is that they did not contribute as much as they were capable of doing." That they organized no bloc and held no previous meetings is open to question, but that they did not do as much as they could have done is quite certain.

It is also quite certain that Mr. Shaw's rebuke has been taken to heart by his followers. Since then they have made a concerted effort to send more of their people to the constitutional

convention and to make their weight felt on regional levels.

Most prominent among the leaders of the left-wing forces is Russell Austin, vice-president of the NSO National Continuations Committee, who opposed the resolution against communism in the Chicago American Veterans Committee. Thirty-three years old, he is still active in student affairs, despite the fact that many delegates will have only half his years. Austin hides a definite political viewpoint behind ostentatious sincerity and impartiality; the target of concerted right-wing and liberal attacks, he is expected to decline any nomination in favor of someone of his own choice.

Lee Marsh, who has been introduced earlier, is well-typed and will play only behind-the-scenes roles. He may be expected to oppose some left-wing propositions from time to time, in order to throw a smokescreen around his real activities. An avowed member of the Communist Party, he attempts to present the left wing as taking a conciliatory and cooperative attitude.

Also sharing the pink limelight will be Jerry Goodman, chairman of the NSO Colorado and New Mexico Region, who headed the recently banned Tom Paine AYD Club at the University of Chicago, and Jack Minkoff, New York State NSO chairman.

Already there are signs that aspersions will be cast upon the so-called "Catholic bloc" in September; thus it becomes important to understand where it came from and what its true nature is. It is not a bloc in the true sense. The Catholics in the NSO have two things in common—an abhorrence of communism and a common religious faith. They have not acted as an entity on political issues, for they encompass all shades of opinion from the right to the near-left. Should another group attack

them as a group, however, they would find temporary but powerful unity because of their common religion.

The reasons for the formation of this Catholic group are found principally in European student events. Youth movements have become very important in devastated Europe, the IUS caught their imaginations, and most of Europe is Catholic. Thus, as part of the attempt to prevent Communist control of the IUS, the Catholics have had to organize in America as well as in other nations. They formed the Joint Committee for Student Action (JCSA) last October through united action of the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Newman Clubs of America.

A bi-weekly *JCSA Newsletter* was established with "desks" in nine cities—Boston, Washington, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and Los Angeles. In it may be found the general policies which the JCSA will probably follow in the NSO. The newsletter reported on March 25 that at a meeting of Catholic student leaders to determine the role Catholics should play in the NSO, it was recommended that Catholic students "should cease to be isolationist and should cooperate . . . should be active in the NSO but should not dominate it . . . should remember in the controversy between Catholics and Communism that we are abandoning the great majority of people in between and that there is a difference between material and formal cooperation."

The following consideration for judging NSO leaders were outlined: "1. No Communists, no politicians motivated purely by personal ambitions are acceptable; 2. No leaders with an axe to grind or specialized group interests must dominate; 3. No disproportionate number of offices for any one group; 4. A

real leader is one who seeks to serve the common good of students in the light of Christian principles."

The Catholics at the last convention had at least 30 percent of the total representation, mainly because of the large number of Catholic colleges and universities in the nation. Their leaders are many, and are thoroughly varied in the political sense. Probably the most important is John Simons, a lanky, personable law student from Fordham, treasurer of the NSO National Continuations Committee, and member of the JCSA Council. In this first experience of Catholic students as part of a national student movement, Simons has tried very ably to build a positive, enlightened policy.

Politically in the center is Martin McLaughlin of the National Federation of Catholic College Students, studying at Notre Dame. He has repeatedly come out for a positive program and against hysterical anti-communism. One of the Catholic delegates to Prague, he probably will not be in Madison.

Henry W. Briefs, also of the NFCCS and editor of the *JCSA Newsletter*, is quite far to the right, though he did fight for organizational representation, one of the important issues at Chicago. Emmet D. Hurley, Jr., from Georgetown University, represents the extreme right in the Catholic group.

* * *

THE LIBERAL GROUP, informal and loosely organized, has received little attention. At the Chicago convention they held the balance of power; at the coming one they will probably hold the power. Distrusting both pro-Communist and rightist policies, they have supported and opposed both of the other groups on various issues. They have no newsletter and no national office, and no leaders except those who

have naturally come to the front because of their past activities.

Chief among these leaders is Don S. Willner, who represented the United States Student Assembly at the first meeting and goes to Madison as national chairman of Students for Democratic Action, the student group affiliated with Americans for Democratic Action. An unimpressive speaker, he is usually clear-cut in action, though some have been confused by such actions as his request that he be recorded as favoring a motion on which he had abstained from voting.

As one of the three organizational representatives on the executive committee, Willner has chaired the meetings of the 28 organizations represented in the NSO. Mainly concerned with seeing some positive and constructive action result from the new organization, he was forced first to bend his efforts toward insuring that the NSO take a non-political path, which would avoid domination from either left or right. By mobilizing some of the unaffiliated liberal personalities and groups at the Chicago conference, he was able to achieve that. Working with him have been Alison Butler of Smith College, John Curtis Farrar of the World Federalists, Douglas Kelley of Michigan State College, Selig Harrison of Harvard, Jesse Cavileer of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, Ed Woods of the University of Chicago, and others.

Two other groups should be mentioned. The Texas delegation, while generally liberal, led the opposition to organizational representation and are held together only by mutual admiration for their state. A highly nebulous Southern bloc coalesces only on issues peculiarly affecting the South.

It is unfortunate that the NSO finds itself confronted with partisan politics from its very beginning. The political

problem can be solved if the non-Communist, non-sectarian liberal group is able to win a sufficient number of adherents who will self-administer some degree of political discipline. But if, before that is accomplished, the left-wing forces gain enough strength to become a serious threat, the NSO will be split between the left and the right—with no middle. Should the Catholic bloc be put under fire by another group,

the results might be fatal to the NSO.

Whether the NSO can emerge from its constitutional convention as an effective student organization is up to the one thousand who attend it. Those who intend to play politics in Madison—and politics must be played—had best consider carefully the complex nature of the three main political groups, lest they contribute to another frustration of the American student movement.

JAZZ ON CAPITOL HILL

By ROBERT TREVOR

IN A MANNER hitherto undivulged, Mr. Rudi Blesh has secured the rights to certain valuable records in the Library of Congress folk music archives. During the coming year, he will issue 45 of these records at a price of \$120 for the set—on a subscription basis. If Mr. Blesh finds 1,000 dupes, he will channel \$120,000 into his cash drawer. What are the facts behind this curious piece of business? And who is Mr. Blesh?

Mr. Rudi Blesh, in case you don't know it, runs a network show, *This is Jazz*, is one of the editors of *Jazz Record*, and is owner and general factotum of Circle Records, one of the smaller recording companies.

Mr. Blesh is also a smart operator—and he is out to push this record business for all it's worth. This is his right, except that from where I sit he is doing it with the taxpayer's money and with a greediness usually ascribed to the fat man with the dollar signs on his belly, the darling of the *New Masses* cartoonists. To prove his love of music and his political progressivism, Mr. Blesh can

point to his book, *Shining Trumpets*, and to his membership in the pro-Communist American Labor Party.

In the late thirties, the folk archives division of the Library of Congress sat the late Ferdinand (Jelly-Roll) Morton down in its recording studios and let him talk, sing and play a priceless account of the origins and development of the music of the New Orleans folk. Not long afterward Morton died, without ever duplicating this performance.

Since his death, Morton's Library of Congress recordings have occupied the attention of folk music lovers. The Library, however, guarded them zealously, so that only last winter a sociologist was refused access to this invaluable source material. These records, whatever property rights the Morton estate may have had in them, were put on wax at the expense of the American taxpayer, with funds appropriated by Congress. It would seem to be the duty of the Library to prevent any exploitation of the material at the expense of the public and for private gain.

Nevertheless, an advertisement ap-

pearing recently in the jazz magazines announced that Circle Records, Mr. Blesh's company, would issue these records. The great reluctance of the Library of Congress had somehow been overcome by Rudi Blesh. These records are to be sold only in unbroken sets at \$120 each, and sold only to those paying a \$20 deposit, to be held by the company until all the records in the series have been purchased. This is, to most collectors of folk and jazz music, highway robbery subsidized by an agency of the government.

In view of these facts, the taxpayer who is footing a good bit of Mr. Blesh's bill might ask of the Library of Congress:

1. Why was Mr. Blesh given access to this government property when other people were barred?
2. Why was Mr. Blesh permitted to make use of this government property for his own exorbitant profit?
3. What kind of inducement did Mr. Blesh offer the Library of Congress, and were other commercial rec-

ord companies permitted to bid for the rights on these recordings?

IF MR. BLESCH'S *coup* was strictly legal, we can only question his way of doing business. But there is one other factor which complicates the case. Rudi Blesh moves in rather strange company. He is associate editor of a magazine whose editor appears frequently at party functions and who is now leading a band at the Communist Camp Unity. This magazine, *Jazz Record*, is sold at the Communist-front Jefferson School and at other Communist bookstalls. It receives the patronage of the *New Masses*, which advertises in *Jazz Record's* pages. As if to return the favor Circle Records places ads in the *New Masses*, making it all very cozy.

There are those who wonder whether Mr. Rudi Blesh's success in grabbing the Morton recordings is in any way connected with his political associates. In that case, there may be ground for a double investigation by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the House Appropriations Committee.

The Soviet Worker

THE SOVIET WORKER cannot quit his job to take a better one elsewhere without the permission of his employer, who, under a June, 1940, decree, can grant it only in a limited number of cases. If the worker quits without permission, he is guilty of a criminal act for which he can be imprisoned for two to four months. Such cases and verdicts are common in Moscow these days. So are cases in which men and women are prosecuted for being a few minutes late to work. For such cases the maximum penalty is "correctional" labor for six months at the worker's regular job but at 25 percent lower wages.

The Soviet worker must carry a "labor book" similar to the one Hitler imposed on German workers. In this his record as a worker is kept. In most cases, on taking a new job he has to deposit the book with the plant manager for safekeeping. If he commits the crime of quitting without permission, this fact will show in his "labor book."

PAUL W. WARD, *Baltimore Sun*, May 12, 1947

IMPERIALISM IN REVERSE

BY JOHN H. GROEL

IF ANY OF the Soviet champions who are in the habit of denouncing American imperialism in Europe and Asia would look into Latin America today, where SCISP is in operation, they would behold something new—imperialism in reverse.

In at least 19 Central and South American republics that strange word "SCISP"—which stands for *Servicio Cooperativo Inter-Americano de Salud Publica*, or Inter-American Cooperative Health Services—has become a by-word among ordinary folks as well as government officials. It is a word which evokes quick and sincere praise for the United States among its neighbors.

Far from the old cry of "Yankee imperialism" heard in Latin America during the days when the United States brandished a "big stick," is the present attitude so aptly expressed by the Uruguayan Minister of Public Health, Dr. Francisco Forteza, at the dedication of the new health center of Fray Bentos:

"The United States does not pretend to exercise tutelage over anyone, but simply to contribute to the happiness of men."

The Inter-American health program inaugurated by SCISP is helping to make hemispheric cooperation a practical reality and democracy something more than a catchword. Through it, Americans of both continents are striving to make the Americas one in spirit as well as in word.

The SCISP has won its excellent reputation in a comparatively short but extremely active life. It was first conceived in January, 1942, when ministers of foreign affairs of the American republics

met in Rio de Janeiro to discuss hemisphere defense. In the Rio Charter, the ministers affirmed the importance of public health measures for the continent as a whole as "an essential contribution in safeguarding the defensive powers and the ability to resist aggression of the peoples of the American Republics."

They decided to do something about it. Disease, after all, knows no national frontiers. Such plagues as hookworm, malaria, dysentery and yellow fever were common to most tropical and sub-tropical regions of the hemisphere. Why not, then, fight them together?

From the beginning, however, it was evident that Latin American cooperation would be useless without the aid of the United States. And the United States had definite wartime interests in Latin America's health conditions. During the war thousands of American troops were stationed in or passed through South America. Raw materials such as tin, quinine and rubber were urgently needed; Latin America could produce more of them if her workers had better sanitary conditions.

Action began in 1942, when the Office of Inter-American Affairs made funds available for the setting up of cooperative health services in those nations which, in their turn, would contribute to the work within the limits of their financial and technical abilities. In most of the original agreements, the United States assumed the greater part of the financial responsibility and promised to furnish the health technicians to carry out the programs.

For example, the U. S. Government

provided \$500,000 in El Salvador, while that country contributed approximately \$236,500 in cash and materials and in services to the U. S. technicians who supervised a two-year program of malaria control, water and sewage improvements, and the erection of regional health centers.

* * *

THE THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL work of the SCISP is well illustrated in Peru, where it helped to reorganize the public health system along efficient lines, giving the country new and better tools with which to work. Seven hospitals, three dispensaries and three complete health centers were constructed. On the upper Amazon and its tributaries, 25 health stations were established. Visiting doctors make their rounds in launches. Some 22 Peruvians received advanced health instruction in the United States, while nurses' aides, home visitors and public health nurses were trained within the country.

In Bolivia, a modern hospital was built in the center of the rubber district of Guayameria. The increase in the region's population from 200 to 1,390, with a correspondingly greater rubber collection, would not have been possible without the SCISP's success in checking the ravages of malaria.

While the SCISP was called into being by the demands of total war, original contracts have been renegotiated, so that today many countries have extended their programs through June, 1948. Significantly, the Latin American nations are contributing more and more funds to the projects. Uruguay, which initially furnished only one dollar for every five, is contributing twice as much as the United States for the period ending in 1947. Colombia originally allotted one dollar for every two from the United States, but during 1946-1948 it is

giving in the proportion of ten to one.

SCISP's authorities welcome this trend, for they are in search of long-term benefits. They hope that when U. S. support is finally withdrawn, the other nations will be able to continue the health program. The 900-bed Roosevelt Hospital in Guatemala City and the modern health center in La Paz are both symbols of the permanency of the work.

Important as the centers are, they would be of little value ten years from now unless trained personnel were available to staff them and to make them an integral part of the national public health systems. With an eye to the future the SCISP is preparing Latin American specialists for the technical posts now held by North Americans. By 1948, some 525 Latin Americans will have traveled northward for training in fields ranging from public health administration to sanitary engineering. Many more will have visited neighboring countries in South America to study new ways of solving common problems. And to these will be added the thousands trained for specific tasks—home visitation, venereal disease control, sewage disposal and the like—within the individual nations by SCISP's specialists.

The SCISP is winning friends through the oldest and most direct method—personal contacts. The 700 mothers, many of them poor Indians, who brought their children to the La Paz health center for vaccinations, dietary advice and medical attention during a single month—November, 1946—know that "la SCISP" is a symbol of friendship from the *norteamericanos*.

As Mr. Peter S. Jones, the business manager of the SCISP in Bolivia put it: "This is one program that touches everyone. It goes down to the people themselves in their everyday lives—and it looks like imperialism in reverse."

CLEAR IT WITH THE POLITBURO

"On that occasion Mayor Humphrey of Minnesota told Wallace that the Communists were heavily infiltrating the Democratic-Farmer-Labor organization. He appealed to Wallace to help get them out of his hair by roundly condemning them in a speech Wallace was scheduled to make. Wallace is understood to have suggested quite seriously that Humphrey get in touch with Moscow and put the matter squarely up to the Politburo on a man-to-man basis."

JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP,
The Washington Post, July 2, 1947

Ames, Iowa, July 16, 1935—Little pigs condemned to death refer matter to Moscow Politburo on pig-to-pig basis. Politburo decides: "Liquidation, as usual."

Basutoland, South Africa, 1941—Chief Mazumba of Hottentots receives cable from Vice-President Wallace offering pint of milk a day. Replies that he prefers a stove-pipe hat and pair of spats. Matter referred to Politburo on common-man-to-common-man basis.

Washington, D.C., 1943—Henry Agard Wallace, Administrator of the Board of Economic Warfare, proposes to Jesse Jones that they settle their dispute by reference to the Moscow Politburo on man-to-boy basis. Jones refuses. President Roosevelt fires both.

Moscow, June 27, 1944—Henry A. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, after being confused by two weeks in China, arrived here yesterday to put the problem up to the Politburo on commissar-to-commissar basis. Politburo decides Chiang Kai-shek does not have a Chinaman's chance.

Madison Square Garden, New York, 1946—Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Commerce, criticizes American foreign policy in speech before Progressive Citizens of America. Newspapers protest. Matter referred to Politburo by Washington on progressive-to-progressive basis. Decision favors Wallace. Senator Vandenberg objects from Paris. Wallace is canned.

New York, 1947—Michael Straight, son of former Morgan partner and owner of the *New Republic*, offers Henry Wallace, son of former editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, job as editor. Both agree to leave decision to Politburo on son-to-son basis. Politburo assigns man to write editorials complete with dotted line for Wallace signatures.

London, 1947—Henry A. Wallace, former Secretary of Agriculture, Vice-President and Secretary of Commerce, on speech-making tour blames British coal shortage on U. S. foreign policy. Reactionary Congressmen demand cancellation of his passport. Wallace appeals on traveler-to-fellow-traveler basis to Politburo, which offers him choice of passports in names of Browder, Foster, Eisler, Dennis or Bridges. Congressmen silenced. Wallace sails on.

ALFRED KOHLBERG

THE SOVIET MILITARY BLUFF

By HERBERT G. MOORE

WHEN HITLER'S HORDES were overrunning the Low Countries and pinning the British down at Dunkirk, when Rommel was on the loose in North Africa and threatening Suez, there sprang up among us a myth of Nazi invincibility. The same sad refrain was repeated, with a few embellishments and a few new verses, when the Japanese war machine started steam-rolling its way across the South Pacific following the attack on Pearl Harbor. Of course, most of these people now will deny that they ever harbored such thoughts, but I know—and you know—that back in 1941 and 1942 there were many faint-hearted souls among us who believed that the odds were too great, who felt that our wisest policy—in fact, our only hope—lay in finding some basis for compromise and then striking the best bargain possible.

Fortunately we didn't listen to these frightened voices of appeasement; instead, we proceeded to deflate this bubble of Axis superiority—and we did it in an amazingly short time and at an incredibly low cost, considering the size and scope of the undertaking.

The decisive nature of our triumph should have silenced the defeatists once and for all; it should have revealed to us the utter folly of giving credence to such fables as this. But, strangely enough, the very same people are again raising the cry of invincibility, this time as applied to Soviet Russia.

This is not just propaganda invented and spread by Communists and men of the Henry Wallace tint. For this story of overwhelming Soviet might is actually believed and voiced by many of our otherwise sane, substantial citizens. It is

even finding its way into our official thinking, and it has already influenced our foreign policy more than we would like to admit.

Before we can deal with Soviet Russia realistically and successfully, we must first dispel this myth that is coloring and distorting our mental processes. We must put an end to this hysteria which is giving many people the jitters, and which is causing some of our statesmen to see spooks where no spooks exist. Let's pull aside the curtain and discover how utterly false this tale of Russian invincibility is. For it is as untrue of Russia today as it was untrue of Germany and Japan in 1941 and 1942.

Actually, the Nazis at the high tide of their advance occupied more than 800,000 square miles of Russian territory. While this represented only about one-tenth of Russia's total land surface, it encompassed one-third of her populated area. In other words, Russia's armed forces, which some now would have us think invincible, were pushed back so far that all of France, Great Britain, pre-war Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spain and Portugal could have been tossed into the lost territory—and there still would have been a few acres left over. A similar disaster in America would find the enemy occupying virtually all the region east of the Mississippi.

In the matter of casualties, Russia's losses were equally colossal—approximately seven million soldiers killed, six million civilians dead as a result of war action, and only the Kremlin knows how many millions more were permanently disabled. And remember that these losses,

both in territory and in manpower, were inflicted by a nation with a population about one-third that of the Soviet Union and at a time when many of the Nazis' best divisions were engaged elsewhere. In other words, Hitler administered this terrific beating—history records no comparable debacle—with one hand almost tied behind his back.

The above figures can be cited as evidence of the undeniable Russian fortitude, but I see no way in which they can be twisted to back up any claim for Soviet invincibility. Admittedly Russia's vast expanse of territory and her huge manpower reserves are factors that must be taken into consideration in arriving at a fair appraisal of the Soviet's potential strength. But remember that modern weapons are making these things of constantly less importance; horsepower, and not manpower, wins modern wars.

The campaign at Stalingrad has been called one of the decisive battles of the war. Doubtless it was. But the Russians lost more men in this one battle at Stalingrad than did the United States in all the land, sea and air battles in all theaters during the war. Russian commanders won by holding men cheaply and using them recklessly; under the circumstances they were able to wear down the exhausted Germans by the mere weight of numbers.

* * *

OF COURSE, the chief reason for Russia's heavy casualties was a deficiency in armament and mechanization. The extent of these critical shortages surprised many people. For the Soviets had some very effective tanks and mobile guns, and before the war this military equipment made an impressive display when massed in Red Square and photographed for the newsreels. And Russia's sorry showing against Finland was excused on the grounds that this superior

equipment could not be properly deployed in the restricted battle area. But the truth was revealed when Hitler launched his attack; Russia didn't have enough of anything; it had to be spread too thin along a 1500-mile front. Actual warfare showed that a streamlined Nazi division possessed nearly twice the firing power of a Russian division, and the Soviet's forced use of horse vehicles at times gave the long eastern front a Civil War appearance.

There is no doubt in military minds that Hitler would have crushed Russian resistance—had he moved toward the east first. And nothing has happened since the war to change materially the picture of Russia's fundamental weakness. Because of industrial bottlenecks it is likely that the Soviets will be unable to equip their ground forces fully for modern warfare for another five or six years—and no army with such shortages can be considered a first-rate, invincible power in today's world.

But tanks, guns, automatic weapons and motorized transport do not make an army—not today. We know that in the late war our own well-equipped ground forces could operate at their effective best only when they had superior air cover. Scores of German industrial centers were leveled by American and British planes bombing around the clock. The same was true in the Pacific. Our advance from Guadalcanal to Okinawa was made possible because we possessed superior aerial striking power, even though at times our landing forces were relatively small. In fact, the Japanese home islands succumbed to air power, without the necessity of a direct land assault.

But Russia did very little strategic or tactical bombing, even along its own front. The reason, of course, was that Russia did not have the bombers. Russia

sian troops often fought without any air cover at all, suffering enormous casualties, because even fighter planes, at first, were not available in sufficient numbers. And not once during the war did Russia employ airborne troops, despite the fact that this mode of warfare had been widely publicized in pre-war years as a peculiarly Soviet specialty. Films showing the Russian skies filled with paratroopers were seen by many Americans. But when the chips were down, Russia lacked both transport planes and gliders, as well as trained personnel. It will take much longer to correct these deficiencies in air power than to equip the ground forces. In the meantime Russia will remain amazingly vulnerable to any attacking air force—of which the shrewd men in the Kremlin are well aware. They know their own weakness, even if some Americans apparently do not.

A really major power, as of today, must be prepared to fight not only on land and in the air, but on the sea. Here Russia is hopelessly outclassed. Except for a few obsolete warships and a few small auxiliaries, she has no fleet and no suitable naval bases. In short, Russia is strictly a land power, and even there she is obliged to choose her battlefield in close proximity to her own borders. The type of amphibious warfare which America waged against Japan, the kind of struggle which requires long supply lines and fighting on distant continents—all that would have been entirely beyond Russia's capabilities. While America was fighting a tri-dimensional war all over the globe, Russia was forced to confine her fighting to one front, was unable to take on more than one enemy at a time.

* * *

NO APPRAISAL of achievement in the last war can be complete without taking into consideration the matter of

Lend-Lease. The United States not only equipped and supplied her own forces in every war theater and lent material aid to Great Britain, China and the underground forces in many of the occupied lands, but delivered to Soviet Russia the staggering total of more than 11 billion dollars worth of equipment and commodities. Broken down into round figures, the bill, which is carefully kept from the Russian people, includes 450,000 motor vehicles, nearly 30,000 motorcycles, 6,000 tanks, 12,000 airplanes, 135,000 machine guns, 11,000,000 pairs of army boots, 1,300,000 tons of petroleum products, over 2,000,000 tons of steel, 50,000,000 yards of woolen cloth, nearly 100,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, over 600,000 tons of chemicals, and approximately 750,000 tons of non-ferrous metals, in addition to food, ships, locomotives and machinery. Does any impartial person think that, without this help from capitalistic America, communistic Russia could have lasted to fight the battle of Stalingrad, or that Red Army troops would have been within a thousand miles of Berlin when the Nazis capitulated?

The truth is that Russia's present economic condition is extremely precarious, much more so than the world at large knows. The people did not have enough fuel this past winter, and they are likely to have even less next winter—for heating purposes. Millions are living on the fringe of starvation. There are acute shortages of iron, steel, oil and electric power. Thousands of villages have to be rebuilt, millions of acres of farmlands must be brought back into cultivation. It is true that Stalin has launched a new series of five-year plans designed to raise Russia's industrial output. But even if this ambitious goal is reached by 1960, Russia will still be very, very far short of America's present productive capacity.

Of course, there is the atomic bomb, which will eventually make obsolete all the traditional methods of warfare, and which will at the same time nullify most of the points I have brought up here. But years must pass before Moscow can be ready to wage a large-scale atomic war. Sources of uranium must be found and exploited, laboratory and production facilities must be constructed and expanded, stockpiles must be amassed—and all these things are more difficult of accomplishment in Russia. There will doubtless come a time when atom-charged rockets can be sent around the world, and aimed with pin-point accuracy; just the push of a button on a master switchboard somewhere, and a war will have been started and perhaps ended.

That time has not yet arrived, and there is wide disagreement as to when it will arrive. I have consulted scientists and military experts, and I can get no definite answer. Some say push-button warfare will be a reality in five or six years; some put it at ten years. At any rate, under the present state of devel-

opment Soviet Russia is unable to establish a launching base close enough to reach our key objectives with any self-propelled weapon. That's why it is so very important to keep communism from spreading in Europe, the Middle East, Asia and South America. Distance still offers a modicum of security, for a few years at least.

But the alarming fact is that we have not been taking advantage of this situation. Instead of using our great power to build a better world and to establish a firm foundation for peace and international understanding, we have squandered that power; we have meekly sat back and watched a far weaker nation extend its evil domination over a large part of Europe and Asia.

No, this story of Soviet invincibility is pure myth today—and today is the most important date on our calendar. How long a period of grace we will have is anyone's guess; maybe five years, maybe ten—it would be too risky to count on much longer. But we won't have to fear tomorrow—if our diplomacy acts today.

A Danger to World Labor

THE World Federation of Trade Unions, as a world organization, is manipulated and dominated by the Russian government through its agencies, stooges and satellites. A careful perusal of the WFTU decisions and publications confirms this evaluation beyond any shadow of doubt. The WFTU has repeatedly condemned American and British foreign policy. But never has this self-styled spokesman for world labor leveled a single word of criticism against Russian imperialism. . . . In Czechoslovakia, with the blessing of the ruling powers of the WFTU, "directed labor"—the forced labor camp—has become an organic feature of the national economy. In Manchuria, Korea and the Balkans, the WFTU has acted as a servile glorifier of the worst crimes of Russian imperialism. Clearly, the WFTU does *not* represent genuine labor cooperation. It *does* represent the coordination—in a totalitarian sense—of free and state-controlled labor bodies and is, therefore, a dangerous obstacle to effective world labor action in behalf of democracy, peace and progress.

MATTHEW WOLL, Vice-President, American Federation of Labor

GERALD SMITH & Co.

By SENATOR JACK B. TENNEY

The Chairman of the Joint Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities in California, Senator Jack B. Tenney, has recently compiled an encyclopaedic manual of Communist strategy and operations in the United States. Published under the title, Red Fascism, by the Federal Printing Co., (345 Wall St., Los Angeles 13, Cal.) it is an invaluable, up-to-date reference book on the totalitarian conspirators in our midst. Its 700 pages range from a presentation of the principles of Stalin's ideological warfare to a complete catalogue of front organizations; from exposés of communism by former party members to one of the most enlightening interpretations of the Fascist and anti-Semitic bands in this country. The following excerpts from Red Fascism, from the chapter on anti-Semitism, which originally appeared in the Report of the Joint Fact-Finding Committee, give only a part of Senator Tenney's analysis of the subject; some of the questions and the elaborate answers to them had to be omitted here for lack of space.

THE PLATFORM of Gerald L. K. Smith's *America First Party* asked the following questions:

"Is it true that 95 percent of the founders of Communism were apostate Jews?"

"Is it true that the New Deal is heavily staffed with a certain type of Jewish bureaucrats?"

Anti-Semitism feeds upon such inuendo. Prejudice is born of ignorance. The same psychological sense of frustration and guilt found in every Communist spurs the ignorant non-Communist to seek a scapegoat.

Character assassins in search of evidence for vicious smear-material have little compunction in resorting to invention. Generations of character assassins have built a vicious series of libels against the Jews to which antiquity attaches a semblance of authority. Sinister men in contemporary life have not hesitated to supply libels allegedly from another age in order to bolster their vicious attacks on the Jewish people.

The committee, in its 1943 report,

listed organizations in California and in the United States which sought to advance their causes on the basis of anti-Semitism. The committee has unequivocally, in all of its reports, condemned such organizations and their mouthpieces. The committee has unequivocally condemned Gerald L. K. Smith in his attack upon the Jews. He states that he is not anti-Semitic. The committee contends that such statements, even though in question form, as listed above, are designed for the purpose of stirring up hatred and antagonism toward the Jewish citizens of America. The implications are false and the propounder of the questions knows it. A well intentioned, honest and intelligent person might accurately answer these questions in the negative after a half-hour research in any public library in America. Communism attacks the Jewish faith with the same viciousness as it attacks the Christian faith.

* * *

THE QUESTIONS quoted above are designed to influence the uninformed by stirring latent prejudices against the

Jews. . . . The propounders of such questions are asking for *hatred*. They are not interested in *facts*.

Gerald L. K. Smith and his type of rabble-inciting crusader do more good for the Communist cause in one week than the Communists would be able to accomplish in a year. The average patriotic American Jew is offended and insulted in the attack upon the Jewish citizen, even though the attack may be generally directed against Communism. It is the technique of a Hitler in mobilizing uninformed masses to a Nazi standard. The social aspects of such rabble-rousing are appalling.

An ideological war against Communism is not a Christian or a Jewish crusade. It is simply an *American* campaign and includes every citizen of these United States who believes in the Constitution, in the Bill of Rights and in our existing form of government, regardless of race, color or creed.

World Wars I and II were fought successfully by American whites and blacks, Christians and Jews. The morale of the American armed forces is found in its unified devotion to American freedom and traditions.

The committee believes that an attack upon any segment of American citizenry, even though purportedly part of an overall attack upon such a subversive organization as the Communist Party, is, in itself, also subversive. Any organized attack upon the Jews of America, or any other ethnic group, violates the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States, creates domestic discord and disunity and is detrimental to the public welfare. Gerald L. K. Smith merits the most severe public criticism and condemnation for his contribution to racial agitation.

A favorite hoax of anti-Semites is to label those whom they wish to smear

as Jews. This technique is one of the most amazing of all and is particularly designed to move the most ignorant of the masses. The long list of outstanding Jews in the field of science, medicine, art and music constitutes a substantial portion of the real contributors to modern civilization. Most educated men and women are aware of this fact and it is inconceivable that the mere labeling of a non-Jew as a Jew would in any way detract from the person's ability, integrity or general character. Nevertheless the anti-Semitic propagandists continue to label those whom they dislike as Jews.

Among the most notorious of these hoaxes may be mentioned President Roosevelt and the Roosevelt family. The anti-Semites went to considerable trouble and expense to label Roosevelt and his family as Jews and stated that the original family name was *Rosenfeld*. Even William Randolph Hearst has been labeled a Jew, as has J. P. Morgan whose real name, the anti-Semites allege, is *Morganstern*. In support of the anti-Semitic myth that all the Jews are Communists, Nikolai Lenin, the father of the Bolshevik revolution, has been labeled a Jew. Even General Dwight David Eisenhower has been called a Jew. . . .

During the past decade there has appeared from time to time a reproduction of a document the substance of which is attributed to Benjamin Franklin. It is generally known as the "Benjamin Franklin Prophecy." Its original appearance is said to have been on February 3, 1934, in a pro-Nazi publication called *The Liberation*, published by William Dudley Pelley, the notorious leader of the *Silver Shirts*. This "prophecy" is from a speech supposedly made by Benjamin Franklin before the Constitutional Convention in 1787, warning the Convention against the immigration of Jews into the United States. Each time this "prophecy" is re-

produced and distributed it is claimed that the original is to be found in a diary kept by Charles Pinckney of South Carolina in possession of the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia.

This alleged "document" has been thoroughly investigated and the hoax completely exploded. Charles A. Beard, an authority on Benjamin Franklin, in a public statement, charged that the quotation was fictitious and clearly a literary forgery, invented for the purpose of encouraging anti-Semitism in this country.

The Franklin Institute at Philadelphia does not possess the Pinckney diary, never did possess it, and has been unable to find any record of such a diary.

James F. Jamison, Chief of the Division of Manuscripts, Library of Congress, made the following statement:

It is practically certain that the diary alleged to have been kept by Charles Pinckney during the sessions of the Philadelphia Convention in 1787 does not exist and never did exist . . . it is absolutely certain that the speech against the Jews, said to have been delivered by Franklin at that Convention, is a clumsy, impudent, and vicious forgery. It is incredible that James Madison, taking notes on every speech, should have failed to show an important speech by Franklin. It is incredible that a man of Franklin's disposition should have made such a speech.

In a letter dated August 12, 1938, by Alfred Ringling, Librarian of the Franklin Institute, we find the following:

Neither the original nor any copy of it is in possession of the Franklin Institute. Historians and Historical Societies have endeavored to locate the Pinckney work, but without success. There is no copy in the Library of Congress, or the New York Public Library. Our State Historical So-

ciety has made careful investigation and fails to find any information concerning it. On the evening of July 16, a broadcaster from Germany read this fictitious statement, and we have reason to believe now that this is foreign propaganda.

It is almost incredible that any normal person possessing a modicum of decency would have perpetrated such a vicious hoax. The sad fact, however, is that it has been done and it is evidenced by copies of the alleged "prophecy", picked up in the City of Los Angeles, now in the files of the committee. In addition to its miserable design and intent, the document is a libel on one of America's greatest citizens, Benjamin Franklin. When the Hebrew Society of Philadelphia desired to build a synagogue in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin not only contributed to the fund, but signed a petition addressed to the citizens of every religious denomination in Philadelphia, asking for contributions.

Every libel against the Jews has about the same substance in fact as that contained in the Benjamin Franklin "prophecy" myth. . . .

The committee has heretofore stated, and again reiterates, that anti-Semitism is fully as un-American as any other subversive *ism* examined. The Klu Klux Klan and similar organizations, including that of Gerald L. K. Smith, are unequivocally condemned in their attack upon the Jews, whether that attack be direct or by way of innuendo. . . .

The members of the committee are convinced that in the struggle against Communism, patriotic Americans, black and white, Jew and Christian, will again fight successfully shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy.

STALIN'S GERMAN ARMY GROWS

By JULIUS EPSTEIN

EVIDENCE OF THE existence in Soviet Russia of a clandestine German army of 36 divisions at the beginning of 1947, and proof of the official Soviet admission as far back as May, 1946, of the training of former German war prisoners by the Red Army, have just reached this country from several unimpeachable sources.

These 36 divisions are excellently equipped and include 18 armored (ten heavy and eight light) and seven motorized divisions. It is worthy of special note that some of the German armored divisions that have been reconstituted by the Russians are equipped with the Panther and Tiger tanks which recently have been modernized and more heavily armored. These are the identical models in which the Germans once fought the Red Army. But there are also other German divisions equipped with tanks of Soviet manufacture, for instance, with the Stalin tanks and the lighter T. 34's and T. 41's. The T. 34's are armed with 122 mm. cannons.

For the time being, the new German army is concentrated at three points in the Soviet Union: in the Lake Ladoga region near Leningrad, in the Minsk region, and in the Crimea. The commander-in-chief in the Crimea is the German, General Schorner.

It is highly significant that the newly-created divisions bear the names of German towns and provinces at present occupied by the Western Allies. Thus, *Panzerdivision Muenchen* is stationed at Simferopol. The recruiting for the new divisions was at first carried out among the members of Marshal von Paulus' army, as has already been revealed by

this correspondent in the February issue of PLAIN TALK.

New light can now be thrown on the Soviet methods of recruiting German war prisoners for military service. The authorities simply reduce the food rations of the captives not willing to volunteer. There have already been three such reductions for recalcitrants. Those who do volunteer are at once given full Soviet army rations. In spite of this typical Soviet method, by December, 1946, almost 1,200 men of the original von Paulus army still maintained their refusal to volunteer for the re-created German divisions.

An incidental piece of intelligence is the report that the star of Marshal von Paulus is on the wane. He is said to have lost favor with the Russian High Command and is rumored to be closely guarded by the MVD. In addition, he is believed to be suffering from tuberculosis. The new commander-in-chief of Stalin's German army is General Wagner.

* * *

THE CHAIN OF EVENTS which elicited the first authoritative information as to the creation of a German army on Soviet territory had its beginning in March, 1946. An unofficial inquiry carried out among relatives of German prisoners of war detailed in Russia revealed that in 96 cases out of 100 their families were without any news. This fact prompted 70,000 prisoners' families to overwhelm the local party headquarters of the German Socialist Unity Party, which is Communist-controlled, with urgent requests for information about the fate of their dear ones in the Soviet

SATELLITE—The innocent bystander allowed to vote as ordered.

H. I. PHILLIPS in *The New York Sun*

Union. The deluge of urgent inquiries compelled the Central Committee of the puppet-party to present a detailed memorandum on the matter to the Soviet High Command in Berlin. The memorandum was forwarded by the Soviet authorities to Moscow. Early in May, 1946, the Soviet Government sent its reply through Colonel N. F. Khvostov, who came from Russia for this purpose.

The main point in the case as presented by Khvostov was that, in the interest of Germany's future, it was desirable that the young elements of the *Wehrmacht* who were not charged with war crimes, particularly former members of the *Luftwaffe*, of the liaison and artillery units, should have the opportunity to acquaint themselves with Soviet military techniques. As for the older soldier-prisoners, and those with no particular interest in military service or the physically disabled, Colonel Khvostov declared that they were already being released from the various camps. He regretted that the tempo of release depended on the availability of transportation and the completion of the projects carried on in the particular camps.

Armed with these explanations, which for the first time officially admitted the military training of German prisoners in the Soviet Union, the pro-Communist Socialist Unity Party immediately summoned a special executive meeting which took place in Leipzig in May, 1946. At this meeting a resolution was passed, expressing the party's approval of the "training in the ranks of the victorious Red Army of the younger soldiers and officer elements of the former *Wehrmacht*."

This remarkable resolution was the party's answer to the enormous number of anxious inquiries about the fate of

war prisoners. For tactical reasons, it was decided not to publish either Moscow's answer or the resolution just quoted, but to reassure the prisoners' families privately and individually that no harm would come to their relatives in Soviet Russia. The families were told at the same time that only the Socialist Unity Party was able to safeguard the interests of the prisoners.

Since that time, a rather small number of German prisoners has returned to the British, American and French occupation zones in Germany. Moreover, these repatriates have nearly all been elderly or physically broken men. On the other hand, a much greater number of prisoners of all ages has come back to the Soviet zone, but invariably they are men who are regarded as politically reliable by the Communists. It is already generally known that these ex-prisoners now occupy key positions in the administration, the security services, the teaching professions, and in the trade unions in the Russian area of occupation.

* * *

THE KREMLIN is staging another somersault. As Molotov said in 1939, after the partition of Poland, when he explained to the Supreme Soviet that now the Germans were the peace-loving nation and the French and British the war-mongers: "The roles, as you see, can change."

The history of the happy Rapallo days, which ushered in the Soviet-German collaboration after World War I, is now repeating itself. The Soviet Union is again the last refuge of German militarism. Again the German militarists are trying to exploit Moscow to turn their defeat into ultimate victory, while Moscow is trying to exploit them to further the aims of Communist imperialism.

I DWELT WITH DEATH

By ANDREY A. STOTSKI

TRANSLATED BY ANN SU CARDWELL

In this concluding installment of the harrowing experiences of an exile to Novaya Zemlya, the bleak and godforsaken Arctic island, the author, a Polish university graduate now residing in England, gives us some unforgettable glimpses into the Soviet slave labor world.

(CONCLUSION)

I LOOKED AROUND and saw the old miner, the tall old engineer, with the unpronounceable name. He stood with hands folded on his breast as if in prayer, and gave me a kindly glance from under his bushy brows. In a chanting voice Polish words came:

"Grant him, Father, eternal rest."

Like an echo I answered:

"And may the eternal light guide him for ages and ages. Amen."

I was grateful to the engineer for bringing to my mind the words of the proper prayer. At the same time I was ashamed, and looked at him questioningly. Though all this was a mystery to me, I was not surprised. I was no longer capable of surprise. The questions he asked were both an answer and a further mystery.

"You are a Pole?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And he—?"

"Yes."

"Then let us pray for our fellow countryman," and his words sounded like a command.

After the prayer we sang *godzinki*, in low-pitched voices. The old engineer's voice was hoarse yet musical, but I was continually off key. At the close my companion remarked:

"As a musician you couldn't get a kopeck."

"Not even a grosh," I corrected him.

"I beg your pardon. Not a grosh," he agreed, taken aback that he had used the Russian "kopeck" instead of the Polish "grosh."

At the camp gate we separated, he going to the barracks of the authorities and I to my own.

The next day I learned that I had been transferred to another labor brigade, whose brigadier was Samonov, a colonel in the Czar's army, who had spent all the years of the Bolshevik regime in prison or labor camps. Samonov explained that my transfer had been the result of intervention by the "comrade overseer." I was now assigned to work above ground, which was generally regarded as much lighter labor than that in the mines. The "comrade overseer" must be none other than the old engineer who had helped me with the funeral services.

"Cruelty Has a Human Heart"

The brigade I now joined heaped the coal in mounds alongside a line where a railway track connecting with the port was to be laid. Nora, a dog half aire-dale, half shepherd, stood guard over us. Her eyes were dark and beautiful, her blond coat fluffy, her body neat and muscular, her ears properly "on the

alert," and her tail a curly decoration.

Yet none of us liked her. She treated her caretakers with what, from a human being, would be described as haughty disdain. Us prisoners she appeared to consider creatures of a lower order.

"A woman is not known until she opens her mouth," Samonov remarked. And that was certainly true of Nora. When her mouth was closed, she was a beautiful dog. When it was opened, displaying the widespread jaws set with their sharp white fangs, she was a terrible animal, a satan in a dog's hide.

There were just two words that Nora took any interest in—*Gani, dierzhi!* (Pursue, hold!). When the chain was removed she would spend some time sniffing the tracks of the man she was to get, then, with legs stiff as pokers, take a few steps, and all of a sudden dash off in the chase.

Such occasions were rare indeed here on Novaya Zemlya, where escape was hopeless. Yet I did witness one attempt made by a member of my own brigade the third day of my association with it. Why the attempt was made we never knew, for no man in his senses would think of such a thing.

The fellow looked normal except for his eyes, which were continually moving, never resting on anything for a moment. And then we saw his lips covered with foam, saw him break away and run as fast as he could go. He was a poor Russian thief, the "offspring of the broom and the canal," as the priceless Samonov remarked. His wasted body was only theoretically protected from the biting Arctic cold. A shirt much too large for him hung outside his pants, to cover the holes in the latter garment, of which he was extremely proud. For they were not the usual padded pants of the prisoners, but real pants, which some ten years before must

have been worn by a foreign diplomat or a Moscow dandy. He wore no socks, only an old pair of galoshes, through which his toes peeked.

In such a costume Sasha the thief dashed for his liberty. If it was flight, it was well characterized by Samonov:

"He was not fleeing from them (the NKVD); his soul was making its escape from the body."

Several prisoners near him started to run after him to bring him back, but were prevented from doing so by the guards, who stood still and permitted the hapless man to flee across the icy-cold limitless expanse of snow.

Then one of the guards brought out a small sled, to which were harnessed seven jumping and snapping cousins of Nora. Sasha kept running as fast as he could go, stumbling from time to time because of his clumsy galoshes, plunging face downward into the snow, scrambling to his feet and hurrying on again.

The dog team, with a well-known guard who was their master seated in the sled, set off with a yelp. In one hand the driver held a whip and the reins, in the other Nora's leash. The race lasted a gruellingly long time, the sled moving in almost leisurely fashion over the snow. In the meantime a bugle-call brought all the other brigades of the night shift to join us. The incident was to be used as a lesson, it appeared.

The fleeing man fell and this time did not rise. A minute later the pursuing guard in the sled bent over the prostrate figure and did something which we could not make out. Then he cracked his whip over the backs of the dogs, and the sled, making a wide arc, approached us in a cloud of snow-dust. Nora, loosed from the leash, leaped along beside it. When they drew near-

er we saw that, tied to the strong rope attached to Nora, was the unfortunate fugitive. His body dragging through the snow, was responsible for the clouds of snow-dust. We looked at the snow under our feet. It was sharp and icy, glittering and hard as diamonds. And Sasha was approaching us face down. The whole group was now in front of us. Nora sat down on her haunches, watching closely to see what would happen next.

Vanya, the guard, got off the sled and walked up to the quivering body on the snow. With his foot he turned it face upward. The clothes of which Sasha had been so proud were no more. Just the sleeves of the shirt clung to him, remnants of the pants clung to the leather belt. The galoshes had disappeared altogether. The face, breast and thighs of Sasha had ceased to be members of a human body and had become one bloody mass.

"It reminds me of the chopped meat for Tartar cutlets, in the long-ago Czarist days, except it has no onions," murmured Samonov to himself.

The "chopped meat" was still alive, every bleeding muscle aquiver, and a strange sound issued from its mouth. Nora's master was not satisfied. Unfastening the heavy whip from his belt he began to beat Sasha, who had been reduced to such a condition that he felt nothing. Realizing this, the guard stopped and, looking around, was reminded of Nora's presence. Over his face spread the ghost of a smile as he leaned over and whispered something to the dog.

Nora rose and slowly and cautiously approached the wretch on the ground, while all of us held our breath. The beast sniffed all around him and then opened wide her terrible mouth, and with her long, rough tongue began to

lick Sasha's bleeding body. Finally she lay down by the remains of the man, pushing up close to him as if to protect him from the cold.

Vanya cursed and went off without a word. Somebody among the prisoners began to sob. Nora pushed still closer to what had once been a man.

Sasha, of course, died. But Nora stayed by his side. And after that she was a wholly different Nora. When the guards were not around, she crept to us and in dog fashion begged to be petted. But this lasted only three days; then we found her kennel empty. We could not imagine what had happened. Later, in access of good humor, Vanya, her guard, told us:

"She was no longer of any use to us. The fool softened and forgot her business. So we ground her up for croquettes. They are good made of dog meat."

* * *

THAT EVENING my new acquaintance, the engineer, summoned me to him. Long shall I remember that August 1, 1941, when the air was filled with snow driven by the howling *purga*, the terrible wind whose fury no one can understand who has not experienced it.

The engineer sat before a small plain table covered with papers. As I entered he looked up at me, and I saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He threw out an abrupt question.

"You know?"

When I replied that I knew nothing he rose and began to speak slowly and solemnly.

"Yesterday the Polish Government signed an accord with the Soviet Union. By this agreement all Polish citizens will be let out of prisons and labor camps and on Russian territory a Polish army will be organized under its own commanders."

I was speechless for a minute. Then I said.

"They are to let us all go?"

"Yes, absolutely all Polish citizens."

"I can't believe it! It must be a rumor."

"It is the truth, announced both from Moscow and London. The agreement with Poland followed a British-Soviet accord."

For a few minutes the overseer sat thinking, then began to shuffle the papers on the table, as if looking for something. Finally he picked up one and handed it to me.

"And here you have a nice little surprise, something personal," he said. "You have been appointed my assistant, to work in mine No. 37. You won't fit into this situation long, but we don't know how long you'll have to wait for a return transport."

I was taken completely by surprise. "I, the overseer's assistant? But I haven't the slightest conception of that work!"

"That doesn't matter. The important thing is that I find it noted in this document that you are an engineer."

"But I am not! They 'christened' me an engineer-economist in Russian, which in Polish means simply—merchant!"

"Don't be a fool, man! No training is needed for this job. You won't have the least occasion to use technical knowledge. You'll simply watch over the work in the mine, shout at the men and urge them to work."

"Then there is all the more reason why I shouldn't take it."

The old man looked at me angrily.

"Lord, what unheard-of idiocy! You will urge the men on only when the NKVD are around. The rest of the time you will live on friendly terms with your fellow-prisoners. They will understand, I assure you."

I agreed to try. The old engineer

expressed his satisfaction and told me to come over the next morning with my things.

"But," he said, "remember that in the presence of others we must talk only of unimportant matters and in Russian."

As I left him I said that we would return to freedom and to Poland together.

"I have no one to whom to return," he replied sorrowfully. "My family all died here. I am one of *their* citizens."

* * *

IN FULL BLAST the *purga* was upon us, howling and driving clouds of snow-dust out of the north down on the camp. To make matters worse, the cold became more intense and the brigade went to work bundled in all their own rags and all those of their sleeping comrades of the other shift. The camp commander gave prisoners working outside the barracks padded cotton masks that covered the face, leaving openings only for the eyes. The health office got orders to give us vaseline with which we were to smear our faces. From the camp exit to the entrance of the mine, a distance of roughly 500 meters (more than a mile), a heavy hempen rope was stretched. This guiding line was to prevent our going astray in the blinding blizzard and to aid us in keeping on our feet.

Occasionally there was a break in the gloom of the darkened tundra and through it streamed rays of sunlight—bleak, cold, ghastly sunlight. Old-timers who were well-acquainted with such weather assured us that this was not so bad. The *purga* would continue, they said, for two weeks, then cease for a week, only to begin afresh and last without a break for five weeks. And this second one, they assured us, was felt by everything alive, even by creatures so superbly prepared for winter as the polar

bears. The preceding year a prisoner named Kola Riabev had found a she-bear and three cubs frozen to death within twenty meters of the camp. The only creature that can be secure against a *purga* is a human being, who lives in a strong, compactly built, well-heated cabin or else deep down in the earth. Both of these possibilities were open to us. The only trouble was that stretch between camp and mine. Down in the corridors and galleries there was not even an echo of the storm. The only noise was that of the picks and the cranes.

I felt very strange in my new role as assistant to the overseer. I now lived in a little room in the barracks with the old overseer, and at his request spent the evening telling him about life in Poland. He listened eagerly, as if he feared to lose a word. Sometimes he wept. Despite our close association I did not yet know his name, for the purely Russian "Ivan Ivanov" by which he was known could only be a pseudonym. One evening I made so bold as to ask him. His was a White Ruthenian name, he said, the same as that of one of our great Polish historical figures, and "Ivan Ivanov" was only a translation of the Polish "Jan, son of Jan."

On one of those August nights when the *purga* was still howling, we were roused from sleep by the shaking and pounding of the door. I opened it and, along with the freezing cold, in came two bundled men. One took off his padded mask and we recognized Boboyan, his face drawn with fear. He shouted to the old overseer, who still lay in his bunk.

"Ivan Ivanov! The 7th gallery has collapsed and buried eight of my people! There was a crack somewhere, and gas is pouring in. Come!"

The engineer was out of bed with the

first words. He dressed with lightning-quick movements, and I marvelled at his apparent youthfulness. He was ready before I was.

"Come!" he said to me.

We found all the men of the night shift collected at the entrance to the mine. A murmur of hope rose as the old engineer approached. Here was somebody who would save the men, they said. We all forgot that we were prisoners, that our lives were of no particular value, that we did not know the trapped men, that Boboyan's brigade was generally disliked. The important thing was that we were human beings and down there were other human beings who might perish.

The engineer quickly got what information was to be had, started toward the collapsed gallery, but was warned of the danger of gas. His response was to say to me:

"Give me your lamp, Andrey Adolfovich, and come with me."

I took my little safety lamp and followed my chief. The entrance to the gallery did not permit us to walk erect. We advanced a few steps, the old engineer cautiously lowered the lamp to the ground and, when it did not go out, took a few steps more. Each time there was the least change of floor level he made the test with the lamp. Finally the light went out and he sent me back to relight it and to bring another. When I returned we fastened the lamps high on our chests and pushed forward.

"We'll keep on as long as one lamp burns," he said.

When we were only a few feet from the cave-in the engineer's lamp went out. He took my lamp and, holding it on a level with his chin, moved on with me at his heels. A little farther, and he told me to stay where I was. Beneath my feet I could feel one of the support beams, which meant that the surface

where I was standing was at least 20 centimeters (about eight inches), above the floor level. My companion advanced to the mass blocking the passage, examined it and turned back quickly. The uncertain flickering of the lamp told me why—gas.

On the way back to the exit the engineer was silent. As we reached it he said simply,

"Andrey, you must try to save them. I'll assign men to help you."

I replied that of course I would undertake it, but my manner must have betrayed my surprise, for he said:

"You wonder why I am not doing it myself? I'm too short. The gas has already risen too high. Those who go in must be as tall as or taller than you. You will advance with a rope, one end of which we shall hold here. If need be, we will drag you out."

He chose his men, tied a rope around the middle of each of us, and gave each man a pick. With our lamps fastened to our necks we started down again.

I do not know how long we worked at the heap of fallen coal blocking our path before we heard faint sounds from the other side. Before long we had an opening large enough to make communication possible and learned that four of the eight men were still alive. Two had been crushed by the cave-in, two suffocated by gas. The survivors could not help us, as they were on high supports at some distance from the opening we had made. After five hours' further digging we had a tunnel wide enough for a man to crawl through. I slid in and began throwing lumps of coal into the hole in front of me, in an attempt to form a sort of bridge across which the marooned men could make their way to the opening; but I soon was convinced of the futility of that procedure. I went back to the engineer

for instructions, telling my companions to remain where they were.

Somehow I managed to get out and explain the situation, but I heard none of the instructions I had come for. I had fainted.

When I regained consciousness I was in a clean white hospital bed, with Dr. Pimenov and Chrabry bending over me. Behind them stood a third person in a white hospital apron. A woman! And a beautiful woman at that!

My mind went back at once to the accident, and I began asking questions. In answer Pimenov pointed to the four beds near me. That was sufficient. I knew the four rescued men were in them.

The next time I woke I felt much stronger. Pimenov was sitting beside me, and this time he replied to my questioning. I had been in the hospital, he told me, for three days, during which time I had been either unconscious or asleep. I asked him how long the rescue work had taken, and he said 27 hours.

"How many hours did I work with my team?"

"Seventeen. All the night through until eight o'clock the next evening."

That afternoon the little hospital was in a frenzy of cleaning and being put in order, and later in the day the chief of this network of camps paid us a visit. This was the first opportunity I had had to get a look at the lord of life and death on Novaya Zemlya. He was a corpulent fellow, probably in his middle fifties, with a manner by no means fear-inspiring, and a smile that was even friendly. Was it a holiday expression, I wondered? I had seen three of his deputies on earlier occasions. The director of Department 3, Obiediev, was a specialist in mass executions for "sabotaging the war effort." He was responsible for the execution of the Latvians,

Dr. Sejnias, Kaups, Kulmans and Zanezis; the Estonians, Piroo, Grosfeld, Simponen; the Finnish engineer, Kivilein; the Lithuanians, Zankievicius and Dr. Strinkas, and the hospital orderly, Vaniszvicius. With his own hand he had shot an Englishman, James Stuart Lowbridge, who had been in the camp. The second of this pleasant trio was the director of camp defense, Grotis. Among human trash there are few to equal him. The last of the three was the political commissar of the camp guards, Feigenbaum—quiet, but a cruel fanatic of the worst type.

Yet today all four wore a friendly air. They smiled at each of us prisoner-patients and, I am ashamed to confess it, especially at me. The chief smiled most graciously of all. Dr. Pimenov politely indicated who were the rescued and who the rescuers.

The upshot of the visit, so far as I was concerned, was the information given me of the Soviet-Polish agreement. The sudden announcement of my freedom left me both stunned and unbelieving. The nurse told me afterward that I had turned white as paper and lain absolutely still. Only when the chief inquired what I meant to do with my liberty did I reply—that I would go to join the Polish Army. As he left I heard him tell Pimenov that I must be able to travel in three days, as a transport of invalids designated for the "investigation" headquarters would be leaving Novaya Zemlya on August 17th.

How could I believe what they promised when I knew that they went straight from the hospital to the camp prison, where six miners were being held as responsible for the cave-in, and saw them executed as "criminal saboteurs," "Trotskyists," "Hitler spies"? And when four of these unfortunates were not instantly killed, the chief and the director

of Department 3 finished them off themselves? This information came from the nurse that very evening.

* * *

EARLY ON THE morning of the 17th the death camp was agog with the legal departure of some of its inhabitants. Naturally I was the main object of attention, for I was soon to be a free man. Prisoner after prisoner came to me and gave me scraps of paper with the names of his family, or, when no paper was available, whispered the names of persons and cities. I tried to impress them all on my memory, and promised each man to pass on word of him if opportunity came.

One request was unforgettable, for there was no mention of names or places, only a message. It came from Vanya Kandalov, who pulled me off to one side and made quite a speech.

"I have nobody to send word to," he began. "If any of my family is alive, I am dead to them. The name I'm known by here is false. You'll soon be out of this great forced labor camp called the Soviet Union. And when you get to western Europe I want you to hunt up the local Communists and warn them never, under any circumstances, to come to this hell. And if they won't heed that, at least they must leave their wives and children at home. I didn't. Tell them furthermore that the most rotten, most corrupt Western government is heaven compared with the Soviet. You will do what I ask?"

I replied that I would, but that people would not believe me.

"And when you meet André Gide," he added, "tell him I learned too late that everything he wrote about the U.S.S.R. was true, and that the truth I have learned from experience is ten times worse than what he wrote."

Shortly after noon we 36 fortunates

were lined up and each was given three kilos of bread, two ounces of sugar and two dried fish. The first 17 kilometers (about ten miles) were to be made on foot; the rest of the journey to the port, 110 kilometers (approximately 70 miles), on the little railroad that had just been completed. I was the only physically able man in the group. The rest were sick or crippled who could hardly keep on their feet. The wonderful news that they were to leave Novaya Zemlya gave them strength to do what would otherwise have been impossible for them.

We boarded a steamer the next morning, bound for liberty! Strange, but vivid as are all the details of my life preceding that event, I can recall nothing of our departure except a feeling of exaltation—the almost incredible fact that I, a Pole, was returning from Novaya Zemlya to the living world. We stood on deck and took a last look at that forbidding land.

On the seventh day we sighted the continent and on the morning of the eighth we felt solid ground beneath our feet. We were not directed to the transients' barracks in the port (at the mouth of the Pechora), but marched a little way up the river to what in our eyes was one of the wonders of the world—a real railroad track, on which stood a puffing engine and five cars. But we were not pleased to see our old guard replaced by another group composed of silent, gloomy-faced, slant-eyed Mongols.

Up to this time we had not the least idea of our destination. Now one of the guards told us that the railroad connected the port of Niarnon-Mor, at the mouth of the Pechora, with the river port at the confluence of the rivers Asa

and Pechora; that the "investigation camp" was located there, and that there I would receive papers and go out a free man. It was not a long line, something like 300 kilometers (over 185 miles), but being new, with 20 temporary bridges and various other slowing-up features, normal speed could not be attempted.

At the "investigation camp" each of us received a bundle of 14 pounds of bread, one pound of margarine, 40 cigarettes and two packages of *machorka* (coarse tobacco). Each of us also received 150 rubles in cash. Thus equipped, we were to travel something like 625 miles on the river before we would reach a railway line. A barge awaited us in the port and would leave when the load was complete, probably in the next day or two.

A large party of Polish women was brought on board before we sailed. Meeting them, though they were strangers, was like meeting, at long last, members of our own families. They had come from the Vorkutsk Camp for Women, some 35 miles away. That evening a third group of prisoners arrived, and our contingent was complete. We built a fire on deck, and chattered and sang and laughed like little children.

On September 21 began that gypsy trek, by barge and train, that was to take us across more than 2,000 miles of Soviet territory and bring us, on October 19, to the city where the Polish Army headquarters had been established and where our rehabilitation as human beings began. It was not long before we left Russia for Iran and the battlefields of North Africa and Italy.

(The End)

MR. SULZBERGER SPEAKS OUT

In a recent interview with representatives of the press in London, distributed by Reuters, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of The New York Times, made the following clear-sighted and forceful analysis of the major issue bedeviling civilization.

I AM CONSCIOUS of the fact that free peoples are not the enemy of other free peoples, and the only potential enemies in the world are those who are ruled by dictatorships.

If these dictatorships, or any one of them, desire to impose an iron curtain and refuse to raise that curtain, I think we have to accept it and do business on our side of the curtain with those people who are, or desire to be, free.

I would not exchange ideas beyond that curtain, I would not exchange goods, I would not do business in any way, shape, form or manner.

But I should let them constantly know that when they want to become adult and raise the curtain, we are willing to accept them into the group of free peoples that we have organized.

I do not mean by that that I have not got faith in the United Nations, or that I wish to see Russia excluded from the United Nations, because that would be wrong. I merely think it is high time that free people stopped being frustrated by Russia . . .

I am concerned with the freedom of mankind. To explain what I mean by freedom, I would say that a country is free where its citizens have the right to oppose the government, to vote for another party than the one which is in power, where a man has freedom of speech, freedom of the press exists and where, if a man gets into jail, he can invoke the right of habeas corpus.

I think it is necessary to emphasize these attributes because there are countries in the world today which use the words "freedom" and "liberty" but do not mean anything like that which I have described . . .

In Secretary Marshall's Harvard speech he stated, "Governments, political parties or groups which seek to perpetuate human misery in order to profit therefrom, politically or otherwise, will encounter the opposition of the United States." With this in mind I was not able to understand why Mr. Molotov was invited to the Paris meeting, but now that he has eliminated himself surely we must go on without him . . .

I do not believe for a moment that taking the action I am suggesting would mean war with Russia. I see no reason why there should be war with Russia. I do not believe that Russia is ready to fight a war, or wants to fight. So long as she insists upon secrecy we must at least be prepared for the worst.

And the more she insists on playing a lone hand the more wise it becomes for us to pool our efforts at reconstruction.

I do not believe the United States can stay strong and can stay free if it permits the type of freedom that I have described to disappear in countries which have previously enjoyed it.

I believe that freedom is indivisible and that the destruction of it anywhere is an assault upon the free world.

COMING — A BIGGER PLAIN TALK

WE ARE GROWING. This is our eleventh issue. In October **PLAIN TALK** will enter upon its second year. We are going to expand our magazine and broaden its scope. A number of new departments and features will be added to **PLAIN TALK**, beginning with the October issue.

CONSTRUCTIVE AS WELL AS CRITICAL

While continuing its policy of ruthlessly exposing the political forces of totalitarianism, **PLAIN TALK** will also begin to explore the economic roots of modern dictatorship. We shall deal authoritatively and fearlessly with such issues as controlled economy vs. free enterprise, state socialism vs. democratic individualism. We shall seek to chart sound paths to social progress.

"THEY SAW IT COMING"

Under this general title we shall begin our second year with the publication of a series of condensations of outstanding books from the past which clearly forecast the retreat from liberty to slavery and the eventual collapse of free civilization. The works to be abridged will be selected from writings previous to World War I and going back to the 40s of the Nineteenth Century.

PROPHECIES COME TRUE

On the eve of every catastrophe in human history there was handwriting on the wall. But the warnings of advanced thinkers were ignored. This is true of the grave crisis of our age. In the literature of the world for the past century, there have been at least a hundred seers who sounded the alarm of the coming night. Some, like John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, acquired world-wide reputations; others remained obscure.

IN MONTHLY BOOK DIGESTS

To furnish a clearer picture of the world's contemporary ailments, **PLAIN TALK** will present each month a special digest, prepared by experts, of a major book in which the author anticipated, with uncanny perception, the distressing developments of our own days. With the light provided, **PLAIN TALK** will try to illumine the road, in the American tradition and within the framework of a free society, toward constructive solutions of the economic problems which are besetting honest minds everywhere.

*Watch for full details of the bigger **PLAIN TALK** in the next issue*

PLAIN TALK

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